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NO. 16.

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A Grandfather For Sale.

'It's all very well for you Cabot, to quote that trite remark about rank being only the guinea's stamp. You know as well as I do that the social guinea—here in Boston, of all places—must be stamped before it will go into circulation. Society strongly resembles retail trade in this one particular. Let me offer a lump of the purest gold to any small dealer as payment for the goods I have bought of him, and he would at once say he'd rather have the dirtiest bank note in town than my unstamped metal; wouldn't he?'

'Well, I suppose he would. If we were in a more primitive state of existence the yellow metal, as it came from mother earth, would satisfy our greed. Now it has to be vouched for as gold before it can take its proper position among the other circulating mediums.'

'Exactly so! And as we are not in a primitive state, but a very highly cultured one, for example. I need to have a stamp before I can pass muster. All the wealth my Midas of a father left to me will not take me more than just so far; yet I dress according to the laws of to-day. I don't eat with my knife, I know how to raise my hat to a lady; in short, I flatter myself that I make a fairly good appearance. But I have no grandfather worth speaking of! And though there was mock patos in his tone, Maxwell Jennings meant more of what he said than he would have been willing his companion should suspect.'

Edgar Cabot glanced at him a little contemptuously; then he allowed his eyes to wander enviously around the luxurious appointments of Maxwell's rooms. Everything bespoke an abundance of both money and taste on the part of the one who resided there. A casual observer would never have supposed that a man who could appreciate the engravings and books which crowded the walls and tables was a mushroom of an hour, the son of a man who had amassed a large fortune by the manufacture of rum and judicious speculations in stocks and mines. The moment that Tom Jennings's business and all other possessions fell into his son's hands, that young man sold the obnoxious distilleries and went abroad for three years to finish the studies his father had sent him there to begin. Old Tom Jennings had the sense to know that he could never aspire to any higher position in life than the one he was born into; but he was determined to 'make Max a gentleman,' and so far as cultivation and study could do it, he succeeded.

'By Jupiter, Jennings, if I had a tittle of your money I wouldn't care a picayune if I hadn't a grandfather!' sighed Cabot, whose bank account was as short as his pedigree was long.

'And I, Cabot, would give a hundred thousand dollars this minute if I had one of your dignified ancestors,' Jennings answered earnestly. 'Yes, I'd give it gladly if I in any way I could claim a great-uncle or grandfather of note!'

'A fellow has a perfect right to sell what is indubitably his own, hasn't he?' asked Cabot, thoughtfully.

'Of course he has.'

'I, as everyone knows, am the last of my line of the Cabots. I am badly in want of money; you think yourself—or, to be more exact, Dr. and Mrs. Randall think you—badly in want of ancestors. What will you give me for, say old Colonel Cabot? The one, you know, who was killed in King Phillip's war.'

'What an absurd idea!' exclaimed Jennings, with a laugh.
'Not at all absurd. The old codger is now my great uncle; if I sell him to you, why, of course, he'll be your's. Or, if you don't like him, there's my grandfather, Judge Cabot—how will I fill your bill? Now, Jennings, don't look so amused. I assure you I am in dead earnest. I am so hard up I'd sell my soul—much more such a trifle as a grandfather—for a hundred thousand dollars.'

Jennings knew that Cabot spoke the truth about his financial condition, and being a good-natured fellow, who was grateful to Cabot for several introductions which he valued very highly, especially the one to the aforementioned Randalls, determined to help Cabot out of his pecuniary quagmire by humoring him in his ridiculous proposition.

'I declare, Cabot, if the thing were feasible I'd accept your offer with immense gratitude. But suppose I should tell anyone that Judge Cabot belonged to me, who would believe me?'

'If you were to buy him of me you'd give me a receipt for him, I suppose? Just as I would give you a receipt for the money you paid me for him.'

'Certainly I should,' answered Jennings, laughing at the idea of giving a receipt for an ancestor.

'Then you could truthfully say that you had documentary evidence that Judge Cabot was an ancestor of your own, and that would settle it, as I would be careful to say so, too, for people rarely insist upon one's proving that So-and-So is his 'kin'; and if anybody was still dubious you could be justly indignant because your word was doubted.'

'I think if I buy one of them I would like to have the other to keep him company; he might feel lonesome so entirely out of his element. What will you take for the two?' asked Jennings, seriously.

Cabot looked fixedly at him for an instant; then, seeing that he was in earnest, answered:
'Oh, I'll not bargain with you in this trade. I'll be grateful if you will give me a hundred thousand for the two of 'em—the old Colonel and the Judge.'

'Are you sure that will satisfy you? Suppose I say a hundred and twenty-five for the two?'

'That will suit me still better, of course,' said Cabot aloud. To himself he added: 'The fellow is a bigger muff than I thought. However, he is a good fellow, and I will help him swear that they are his kinsmen, just to see how many gullible fools there are in the world.'

'How will you have the money? In bonds or real estate?' asked Jennings, 'or a happy combination of both?'

'If you are really in earnest, I would prefer a little of both.'

'Meet me at the Suffolk Bank tomorrow, at ten, and I will turn the 'tin' over to you. It is an hour that will suit you, I suppose, as you are a man of leisure?'

The hour and the whole tenor of the proposition suited Cabot to a nicety; so the next day the transfer was made, Jennings receiving, in lieu of a given sum of money, a receipt for 'all right and title to the possession of the late Colonel Henry Cabot and the late Judge Frederic Cabot, formerly the possession of Edgar Cabot, and to all honors, rank, glory, etc., which may accrue from the ownership of the same.'

A few days later Cabot proposed the name of Maxwell as a member of the very exclusive West End club to which he belonged. At this proposition there was some demur, and Cabot quietly said to one of the objectors:

'I know what you fellows are thinking of. You fancy that Max has nothing but his money to back him for admittance here, but you are mistaken. I happen to know—know, mind you—that he can claim lawful ownership in his excellency, the late Judge Cabot. He has papers in his possession which prove it.'

'Are you sure?' was the amazed inquiry.

'I am, I have seen the documents to which I refer.'

'It must have been on his mother's side if there was such relationship.'

'Did you never hear of my aunt, Letitia, who disappeared so mysteriously?'

'I thought she committed suicide.'

'Some of us Cabots are such lunatics that we think suicide preferable to a mesalliance,' replied Cabot, significantly.

So the story went around that Max Jennings had just discovered that he was a descendant of the old Cabot family, and when his name was proposed for election there was not a single black ball against him. He was accordingly notified that he was duly elected a member of the Miles Standish Club.

As soon as Jennings received this notification he hastened to the Reception Committee of said club, and ex-

plained the whole matter to them. Whereat, pleased with his frankness, and highly amused at the absurdity of the transaction, the club, at its next meeting, unanimously elected him a member on his own merits, and not those of his spurious ancestors' and also, equally unanimously, dropped from its roll the name of Edgar Cabot, 'A man who could sell his grandfather not being worthy of the noble name of a Miles Standish Brother,' was the verdict.

Dr. Randall, in common with most of the sons of the first settlers, was a member of this same club, so he naturally told his wife about the transaction between Cabot and Jennings. She answered:

'I am sure it evinces a very proper feeling on Mr. Jennings' part to want a grandfather; but surely he must have known that such a sale was impossible. What better off is he for the nominal ownership of Judge Cabot? Does it give him any of the Cabot virtues?'

'Has the actual ownership of such a grandfather given Edgar Cabot any of those virtues? Do you think the Judge has much to be proud of in such an heir?' asked her husband.

'You know, my dear, I never had any love for Edgar Cabot, and I have still less for him now. Do you, suppose that Mr. Jennings had any idea that this purchase would enhance his value in our eyes? He has certainly been very attentive to Olive lately, and I have feared that she liked him too well.'

'That will never do!' exclaimed the doctor emphatically. 'I cannot have one of my girls marry the son of that old Tom Jennings, a most disreputable old creature who possessed but one virtue, that of generosity, so far as I can hear. No, no; that must not be! I have nothing against Max Jennings himself, but 'blood will tell,' you know.'

'As it has done in the case of Edgar Cabot,' said Mrs. Randall, dryly. She liked Max, and she more than suspected that Olive returned the love which Max so evidently felt for her, and she did wish that there could be some way devised by which he could be transferred into a suitable husband for her. And then his wealth, too! Poor Olive had not all the pretty things which girls of her age ought to have, the mother felt.

'There are exceptions to all rules,' said the doctor concisely, 'and Edgar Cabot is the exception to this one.'

'May not Max Jennings be also an exception?' suggested Mrs. Randall, her husband made no reply, only to become suddenly very much interested in the evening paper.

A little later, in all about two months after the purchase of his ancestor, Jennings called on Dr. Randall's family one evening, and Olive's younger sister, an irrepressible girl of thirteen, named Pauline, said to him, somewhat abruptly:

'Oh, Mr. Jennings, is it true that you have bought Mr. Cabot's grandfather?'

'It is true that Judge Cabot now belongs to me—that he is my grandfather,' was Max's answer.

'Since Pauline broached the subject, Mr. Jennings,' said Mrs. Randall, 'I must own that I am a little curious to know what gave rise to this remarkable story which is going around about you and Edgar Cabot.'

'Oh, it is very simple. Cabot was hard up, and I traded off a few dollars for an ancestor or two,' replied Max lightly.

'Do you really mean to claim those dead Cabots for your own?' asked Dr. Randall, a little testily.

'I do. Why not?' was Max's query. 'Is not what you pay for your own?'

Dr. Randall could neither say yes nor no. While he was hesitating for a suitable answer which should cover the whole ground and yet not hurt Max's feelings, Max continued:

'You know, sir, that you value descent above money. Let us suppose a case: If a man had a daughter, and two men were to present themselves as suitors, the one with a good name but a poor purse, the other in exactly the reverse condition, to which would you advise her to give an affirmative answer?'

Dr. Randall appreciated the full meaning of this question, which was even harder than the previous one to be answered. He could not collect his thoughts as quickly as his older daughter did, however. Before her father could frame a reply, Olive said determinedly:

'I think it would be well to let the girl have some voice in such a matter, I think that the characters of the two men ought to be taken into consideration. I don't believe any girl would want a man who could sell his grandfather. She'd be more apt to see worthy qualities in the one who didn't consider money the only thing worth having.'

There was no mistaking the significance of Olive's tones, or of her flushed face. Dr. Randall loved his children, so, saying to himself: 'Max is at heart a gentleman, in spite of his extraction; perhaps there was good blood on his mother's side,' he pretended to make a jest of the whole matter, and answered:

'Ah, Max, you see what a minority I am in! My wife always agrees with Olive, and even Pauline echoes her, so I dare not dispute a word she says.'

Max looked pleased, and Mrs. Randall positively beamed on her husband. But fancy the feelings of all when Max said:

'The most singular part of the whole affair is this: One of my—of old Tom Jennings's friends heard of this bargain between Cabot and me, and put me in the way of proving that Tom Jennings adopted me in my earliest infancy out of an orphan asylum, where I had been placed by my mother just before her death. She was in consumption, and as her last few hours drew near she made a confidant of Tom Jennings's wife, and told her that she had been deceived by a false marriage between herself and the father of this Edgar Cabot. As the years passed, and Tom found that the Cabots were not, as a rule, dissolute men, he thought he would investigate the so-called false marriage. He did so, and found that it was a genuine one; that my father, Edgar Cabot, Sr., had no intention of deceiving my mother, but having died suddenly before my birth, had kept the marriage secret only for fear of his father's wrath, for my mother was a plain farmer's daughter, poor but honest, as the phrase is. Old Tom had become fond of me, and knowing that the Cabots had nothing to bequeath me except the name, he legally adopted me as his son. So, you see, I purchased my ancestors of my older half-brother, Edgar Cabot. I came here to-night, Dr. Randall, to tell you this story: Tomorrow—'

'Max, was your mother's name Rachel?' Dr. Randall asked, abruptly.

'Yes; Rachel Dennison, of Weston Mills.'

'I was present at your birth, boy, and your mother told me this story. I investigated it for her sake, and found it was true, your father having been a widower before he met your mother. When I next saw her she was dead and the baby had vanished, so the whole thing went out of my mind until this moment.' Here the doctor had to pause to rub his spectacles, and Pauline took advantage of the brief silence to say:

'Now that you've got a grandfather of your own, I suppose you and Olive will be getting married, and then you'll be my brother Max, will you not?'

New Style of Salutation.

During his first visit to Paris, M. Lasalle, a distinguished German presented himself at the house of a well-known lady, to whom he had sent letters of introduction in advance. When the servant opened the door and received his card she conducted him to the boudoir and told him to be seated, saying:

'Madame will come immediately.'

Presently the lady entered. She was in deshabille and her feet were bare; covered only with loose slippers. She bowed to him carelessly and said:

'Ah there you are good, morning, She threw herself on a sofa, let fall a slipper, and reached out to Lasalle her very pretty foot.

Lasalle, naturally was completely astounded, but he remembered that at his home in Germany it was the custom so metimes to kiss a lady's hand, and he supposed it was the Paris mode to kiss her foot. Therefore he did not hesitate to imprint a kiss upon the fascinating foot so near him, but he could not avoid saying:

'Thank you madam, for this new mode of making a lady's acquaintance. It is much better and certainly more generous than kissing the hand.'

The lady jumped up, highly indignant.

'Who are you, sir, and what do you mean?'

He gave his name.

'You are not, then, a corn doctor?'

'I am charmed to say, madam, that I am not.'

'But you sent me the corn doctor's card.'

It was true. Lasalle in going out that morning had picked up a card of a corn doctor from his bureau and put it in his pocket. This, without glancing at, he had given to the servant who had given it to her mistress.

'There was nothing to do but laugh over the joke.'

Brusqueness and Want of Tact.

The Rev. Mark Pattison, who died some months ago, and who was a typical Englishman and scholar, was once appealed to by a young American girl, as to whether he thought she could write a book, 'I had to disappoint her, poor thing!' he writes. 'I told her she was the most ignorant woman I ever met.'

Another young woman who had written some clever essays was astonished by his unasked criticism to the effect that he 'considered her conversation extremely feeble.' While he was dying he comforted his weeping wife with the remark:

'Oh yes, my dear! No doubt! No doubt! But you'll soon marry again. I've arranged that you shall be comfortable until you do.'

The lady soon, by the way, fulfilled his prophecy.

This brutal frankness is the trait which most widely separates the Englishman from his American cousin. The American is more sensitive and quick in sympathy. He is too, taught consideration for his neighbors from his cradle, and however candid he may be, learns to keep unpleasant truths affecting himself or others. But if the English boy finds a hole in his poorer schoolmate's shoe, he will harry him incessantly with coarse chaff about it. Why not? He would not hide a hole in his own shoe. The same brusqueness and want of tact is apparent in every rank of life.

A noted English author, while traveling through this country, appeared at a large dinner given in his honor in a flannel shirt and business suit. Glancing round the table, he muttered: 'Ah, evening dress! The custom at home. Quiteso! Quiteso! But I did not know that you dressed like gentlemen here.'

Canon Kingsley, while in this country, stunned the chairman of a literary club, who was welcoming him to a reception in somewhat florid terms, by staring at him curtly saying, 'I considered your remark in a very bad taste. Then turning his back on him he walked away.'

In none of these instances, probably did the Englishman wish to offend, nor was he conscious of offending. The lack of that nervous sensitiveness which he ridicules in the American, makes him unable to see this defect in his own good-breeding—*Youth's Companion.*

Playing Fool.

An industrious young shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much time at a saloon near by. One by one his customers began to desert him. When his wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon he would carelessly reply, 'Oh, I've just been down a little while playing pool.'

His little two-year-old caught the refrain, and would often ask, 'Is you goin' down to play pool, papa?'

Smith tried in vain to correct this. The child persisted in his own pronunciation, and day by day, he accosted his father with 'Has you been playin' fool, papa?'

This made a deep impression on the shoemaker, as he realized that the question was being answered by the falling off of his customers and the growing wants of the household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool table, but weakly allowed the passion of play to hold him a long time. Finally he found himself out of work, out of money, and out of flour. Sitting on his bench one afternoon idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaim:

'No work again to-day—what I'm to do I don't know?'

'Why, papa,' prattled the baby, 'can't you run down and play pool some more?'

'O hush! you poor child,' groaned his father shame-stricken. That's the trouble. Papa has played fool too much already.'

But he never played it again, and to-day his home is comfortable and happy once more.

An editor having read in another paper that there is a tobacco, which if a man smoke or chew it, 'will make him forget that he owes a dollar in the world,' innocently concludes that many of his subscribers have been furnished with the article.

SIGNIFICANT

Some of the Last Public Opinions of a Great Man.

New York Correspondence, Cleveland Leader.
One has a most excellent opportunity to study "man" as represented by the average New Yorker. Among the wealthy classes, very many of them have the waxy skin, dropical flesh, and "puffed eyes" that are indicative of serious kidney affection. "Bright's disease" is plainly written on their faces. Since General Logan's death the subject of rheumatism is being discussed by the medical profession.

Every intelligent person, with any knowledge of the human system, is well aware that if the kidneys are in good condition all unnecessary material is regularly carried off by them. If not, various acids, such as uric acid, one of the chief causes of rheumatism, are left in excess, creating deposits that cause all sorts of chronic organic diseases. It would seem, therefore, that rheumatism, like dropsy, is not a disease, but the result of a disease, and it is safe to say that if the stomach and kidneys are kept in healthful condition, there will be no deaths from rheumatism.

General Logan was well aware that his disease was of the kidneys, and once expressed himself in indignant terms at the folly of doctors treating him for rheumatism, when it was the kidneys that caused his attacks. The high lying and the excesses in all things, prevalent among wealthy men in large cities, especially in New York, is the chief cause for Bright's disease, and the aristocratic trouble known as rheumatism, even as insufficient and improper food being about the same results among the very poor.

The above article, which we reproduce because of its general interest, is very significant. The public believes that rheumatism is an effect of diseased blood, this disease being caused by uric acid of kidney poison. Enough of this is developed daily to kill several men, and if it is not removed by the kidneys as fast as formed, it gradually ruins the health.

This fact is a scientific demonstration. If doctors do not admit it, it is probably because they do not wish to attract attention to the menace deranged kidneys offers to the general health, since they have no authorized specific for these organs.

General Logan knew what his real trouble was, and he recognized the non-sense of treating the effects—the real seat of the disease was the kidneys. Senator Sittig, of Illinois, whose vote elected Logan senator after four months of balloting, tells us that Logan often complained to him of great distress in his kidneys. Disease of the kidneys always produces rheumatism, and besides that, it caused paralysis, apoplexy, impotency, stomach and blood disorders, brain troubles, female complaints and countless other diseases which would almost never develop if the blood was kept free of uric acid or kidney poison.

These facts the public recognizes even though medical gentlemen for very evident reasons, will not publicly acknowledge them, least, perchance, some proprietary medicine, like Warner's safe cure, which is sold by all dealers and is now admitted to be the only scientific specific, will get the benefit.

Fie on such bigotry! It has been authoritatively stated time and again that there can be no real sound health if there is any false action of the kidneys. Insurance companies refuse millions of risks on this ground alone, hence it is that there is such universal popularity given to the great preparation named—a popularity that is based upon intrinsic merit.

Too much dependence upon professional advice, especially in matters over which medical men admit they have no power, too often results very disastrously, but of what use to the victim is experience gained by fatal disaster!

How much better it is to be guided by an unprejudiced public opinion in such matters.

Had Logan been so guided he might have been spared many years.

Set Fire to His Little Brother.

LEBANON, Pa., April 14.—During the temporary absence of Mrs. Robert E. Shay from her residence in this city this morning her fourteen-year-old son, Raymond, drew a burning splint from the stove and pointed it at the face of his little two-year-old brother who was sitting at the table. 'The little fellow's clothing was set on fire, and before the flames could be extinguished nearly every vestige of clothing was burned from his body. Dr. V. H. Allweir was quickly summoned, but on his arrival it was evident that the child's injuries would terminate fatally, which proved to be the case an hour later. The burning created great excitement.

UNCLE JUMBO was caught with a stolen chicken hid in his hat, and when asked how it came there, he replied: 'Fore de Lord, boss, that fowl; must have crawled up my breeches leg.'